

# *The Blind Man at the Grand Canyon*

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He stood there with his friend,  
the hundreds at the rim,  
milling by the gash in earth,  
the great wound's silent tears  
still moving at the bottom,  
this hint into the infinite,  
strata from the times we never knew  
though they flow yet in our veins.  
We look across a moment,  
but mainly we look down  
drawn by the gravity of shadow,  
as if to scare ourselves,  
how small we are, how brief  
because, of course, that is the measure of it all.

From that depth the silence rises up  
like souls ascending in release,  
but only he can hear the murmur,  
feel the breath across his face,  
only his internal sense

know their grace.